

ANIMAL 'Z

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SPACE. -VAST -EMPTY -UNFORGIVING

A distant BIG BLUE MARBLE, perfect in color, size, & aspect. Only it's NOT RIGHT. What was once the North & South Poles have rotated 90 degrees to become the New Equator.

CLOSER

Familiar land masses washed over --under tons of Ocean.

STILL CLOSER

A swirling tempest of fog & Ice, dwarfing Australia's size.

INTO THE TEMPEST'S EYE

The Sea rises up to meet us. SPLASH, we're under the ocean.

Murky & dark water holds us tight, then... THE DOLPHIN, all the world's power under it's tail. He moves as if some unseen force drives HIM beyond madness. --TOO FAST

SWISH he's gone into his slipstream.

SPLASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE SURFACE - FOG COVERED DAY

Pushing out of the mist, a beaten & battered cargo ship emerges, looks like it's heading to King Kong's Island --It's Not.

INT. WHEELHOUSE CABIN - OBSCURED VIEW DAY

At the helm, LESTER OUTSIID, (40s), adventurer's beard, hunter's hat pulled low, does little to hide his sharp eyes. He's lived most of his life outdoors. Snaps on intercom.

LESTER

Hippo can ya hear me?!

CRACKING noise answers.

LESTER

Hippo did you hear?!

Anger turns his scar dark red. He presses four more times.

LESTER

Ya need to check the dish, NOW!

Only CRACKING sound answers. He's a cool cat: refocuses back to the swirling mist in his path.

EXT. UNDERSEA - SAME DAY

A submerged helicopter. --Blades bent & twisted.

A wedge-shaped object jammed into the landing gear.

Following the wedge shape is a steel line. --Pulled tight.

Line vanishes. --Into the gloom above.

Up the line, a man's figure --Dead.

Fish swim in & out grabbing bits of flesh. --Yeah, he's really dead. Around his mid-section is a loop in the line leading to:

...A silhouette of a SHIP above. --LIFELESS & ADRIFT

SWISH, our Dolphin swims past, not a second glance at the body just below the surface. --Something else is driving him.

He's closing in on the Ship above.

INT. THE ADRIA IV - SAME DARK DAY

Broken Opulent decor surrounds ANA POZZANO, 24, if beauty was a crime she'd be on death row. Legs that go-on forever. But look into her eyes & you'll think she's dead as the man underwater.

ANA

(into her cell phone)

She's alone without fear. Richard's gone and she feels nooooo sorrow.

She rubs the Band-Aid over her eye. Waiting for an answer that never comes. She sighs as she pushes black hair back.

ANA

Has it been two days or two weeks since he went overboard? Must'a bin a shock to him Mr. Big Man...

No answer, only silence.

INNER CUT:

EXT. SHIP'S UNDERSIDE - SAME DAY

The Dolphin is heading into the turbine intake. He disappears into the mechanical beast.

INNER CUT:

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME DARK DAY

A whirring sound intermixed with clicks & clacks behind Lester. --A very odd sound.

Now the audience realizes just how far we're in the future.

From behind our rustic adventurer comes HIPPO, a Seahorse robot clicking & stabilizing itself at Lester's head level. A bit like a Hummingbird on Acid.

LESTER
Did ya fix it?

No answer.

LESTER
Hey, asked ya question?!
(Waiting) Well can ya take over the
radar, at least?

HIPPO
(WOW the little guy talks)
I will do my very best.

Lester rolls his eyes.

INNER CUT:

INT. THE ADRIA'S ENGINE ROOM - SAME

The Dolphin rolls out of the intake tube. A painful SPLAT on the bulkhead is his reward. Damn, this's one big dolphin.

--Something isn't right. Unnatural twists & twitching begin.

INNER CUT:

INT. THE ADRIA'S LOUNGE - SAME TIME

Ana still reclining in her Barcalounger.

ANA
Omar, I'm thirsty.

Would she bother to move if she knew what's coming next?

--MAYBE NOT

Monologue with her phone ends when we meet another Robot.
OMAR a Domo-drone floats into the room looking like a Lobster
stuck in reverse.

OMAR
(British accent)
Madam, the levels of water
reserves...

ANA
Damn it, I'm thirsty!

OMAR
Of course, Madam.

Omar buzzes an exit as a warning alarm sounds.

INNER CUT:

INT. THE ADRIA'S ENGINE ROOM - SAME TIME

THE PAYOFF

The Dolphin inches from death, rolls to it's side. Soft white
underbelly exposed like a dog in submission.

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT HAPPENS SLOW

An unnatural birth begins. Like an organic Ziplock bag the
thorax opens, layer after layer peels back --white milky
tissue bleeds out.

Just as you think it couldn't get stranger, -it does.

A head of a man crowns the tissue, then an arm.

The same warning alarm sounds --RED LIGHT FLASHES

The last spasms of Dolphin births the man out like a newborn
baby, but with battle scars across his body.

SLOW DOWN

He takes a human breath then another --it's coming back to
him. His eyes begin to gleam with ill intent.

Standing tall, shaking off the pain just endured. Gleams
with the nude perfection of a single minded-machine. TO KILL

BACON, 25, is the name he'll soon choose.

He's looking up.

END SAMPLE HERE: